

The Greenwich Pensioner's

GARLAND.

Containing several excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. *The Greenwich Pensioner.*
- II. *The Tobacco Box.*
- III. *The Neglected Tar.*
- IV. *Poll and my Partner Joe.*



Licensed and Entered according to Order

The Greenwich Pensioner's Garland.

The Greenwich Pensioner.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground;
 At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore,
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore;
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.



Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight,
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 But went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled,
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tire;
 The King, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty;
 But ne'er to sea again.

The Tobacco Box.

THOMAS

THOU' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
 Let's not loose our prattle now my charming Kate.
 'Till the hour of glory, love shall now take place,
 Nor damp the joys before us, with a future case,

KATE

Thomas still be constant, Thomas still be true;
 Be but to your Kate as Kate is still to you:
 Glory will attend you, still will make us blest—
 Of my firmest love, my dear, you are still possess.

THOMAS

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,
 Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;
 Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,
 Never Kate, without thee, will I close these eyes.

KATE

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain, (Campaign;
 Ne'er think that I will leave thee, love, the whole
 But I will strive to cherish and to make thee bold,
 May'st thou share the victory, may'st thou share the gold.

THOMAS

If by some bold action I the halbert bear,
 Think what satisfaction when the rank you share,
 Dress'd like any lady, fair from top to toe,
 Fine lace caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
 Linen shall be ready a'ways for my love,
 Never more shall Kate, the captain's laundress be,
 I'm too pretty, Thomas-love, for all but thee.

THOMAS

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box—a poor soldiers all,
 If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall;
 When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,
 Thou'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE

Here, take back thy 'bacco box, thou art all to me,
 Nor doubt but I'll be near thee thy fate for to see;
 In the hour of danger always let me share,
 I'll be kept no stranger to my soldiers fare.

THOMAS

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
 Come my pretty comrade, entertain no fear,
 May heaven befriend thee, hark the drums command,
 Honour will attend you—love I kiss your hand.

KATE

I cannot stop those tears tho' crying I disdain,
 But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain,
 May good heaven defend thee, conquest on thee wait,
 One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

The Neglected Tar:

I Sing the British seamen's praise,
 A theme renown'd in story,
 It well deserves more polish'd lays,
 Oh—'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
 By them you are protected,
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.
 Then Oh! protect the hardy tar,
 Be mindful of his merit,
 And when again you're plung'd in war,
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean,
 When lightnings dart—when thunders roll,
 And all in wild commotion.
 When o'er the bark the wide top'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.
 Then Oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure,
 He loads his gun—or cracks his joke,
 Elevated beyond measure.
 Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
 Should lifeless trunks appear,
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.
 Then Oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him,

When all the canvass hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him,
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning,
 They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
 He sighs but scorns complaining,
 Then oh! protect, &c,

Or burning on the noxious coast,
 Where death so oft befriends him,
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
 True courage still attends him,
 No clime can this eradicate,
 He glories in annoyance,
 He fearless braves the storms of fate,
 And bids grim death defiance.
 Then oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
 In peace be then neglected:
 Behold him moving 'long the pier,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected!
 Behold him begging for employ,
 Behold him disregarded!
 Then view the anguish in his eye,
 And say, are tars rewarded?
 Then oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye, Britain's sons?—oh! no!
 Protect them and preserve them;
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or when grim war shall come again,
 Oh Britains! you may rue it,
 Then oh! protect, &c.

Poll and my Partner Joe.

I was, d'ye see, a waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any;
 'Twixt Richmond town
 And Horsley-down
 I turn'd an honest penny;
 None could of fortune's favours brag
 More than could lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sty;
 With wherry tight,
 And bosom light,
 I chearfully did row;
 And to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife,
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these a while,
 Folk far and near carels'd me,
 Till, woe is me,
 So lubberly,
 The vermin came and press'd me.
 How could I all these pleasures leave
 How with my wherry part?
 I never so took on my grief,
 It wrung my very heart;
 But when on board,
 They gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born
 That ever I should thus be torn,
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling;
 And night or day
 Could find my way
 Blindfold to the main-top-bowling,
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quicklands and gales of wind
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again,
 The joys I left behind.
 In climes afar,
 The hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts
 From foreign parts
 Came home for consolation;
 Like lightning—for I felt new life—
 Now safe from all alarms,
 I rush'd and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each others arms;
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame—like a lubber—no,
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

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